

The Saturday Evening Post.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To * * *

When memory wakes to days long fled,
That beamed with Joy's gay wasted treasure;
The weep to think when care was led
A sport by hand of pleasure;

When the world, illum'd by the Lamp of Hope
Show'd its bright form, and sweetly smil'd—
And stately eyes gave fancy scope
To fly to Bliss—and fail beglided—

Days past that through the gloom of years,
Show'd like some fragrant, plead land
To him who from it sorrowing steers,
And leaves each hope upon its strand.

Days past! the minute's heart will own,
That's interest, the power
That gave it feelings, never known
Tid her first sight in beauty's bower;

In aged form then love was glowing,
And him was that ring round the scene,
The fragrance of life winged bestowing;
But al! there was a gush between—

The winter's leap in glowing numbers
Then ring, clasp and joy the token,
For every sense shall it shun,
Or only signs of raw long broken.

AYMER.

THE MORALEST.

ON TIME.

Where is yesterday? It is gone forever! Where is to-day? Its moments are on the wing! Where is to-morrow?

"In another world!

To numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none!" YOUNG.

On what then are our hopes built? on time or eternity? on earth or heaven? Is the creature or the creator our chief good? the uncertain stream or the boundless ocean, our source of supply? These are momentous inquiries. May we lay them to heart! May reflection feed upon them! May grace improve them!

Of what infinite value is time! It is the space given for repentance, or to fill up the measure of our iniquities; it is the prelude, the forerunner of heaven or hell; and yet, how short, how uncertain is duration!

"Slow like the dial's tardy moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd.
The ev'ning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon the hour is up and we are gone!"

YOUNG.

How small a part of time elapsed has been given to our God! how much to vanity and folly! The world has claimed its portion, and we have acceded to its demand. Business has required its allotment, and we have granted its request.—Our wearied bodies have asked for their share; and hours have been allotted to sleep which might have been more profitably employed in praise and prayer. Sinful diversions, in our unconverted state, have stolen from us, day after day; and midnight has not ended our thoughtless revels.—These, and nameless other objects, have, at one period or other, engrossed our attention, our affection, our esteem, but how small a portion have we reserved for reflection, for prayer, for soul concerns!—Well may we adore the clemency of God, and with the prophet exclaim, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed; and because his compassions fail not: blessed be his holy name, they are new every morning! But what are our thoughts, our views, our dispositions? Have we profited by experience; and can we say, the time past of our life has sufficed us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles; to have served divers lusts and passions! Are we now obeying from the heart, the Divine injunction, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate; and touch not the unclean thing?" Our thoughts, our dispositions, such as are suited to the dignity of the followers of Christ, and heirs of the kingdom? Can we throw down the gauntlet, like our Divine Saviour, and say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Alas, we cannot; our experience tells us that in many things, we offend; that in all we come short of that glory, in which it is our privilege, and should be our ambition, at all times to shine. How circumscribed are our views of God, of his word, and of ourselves! How much dross is still mixed with the fine gold of the kingdom! How often does a deceitful heart betray itself, and tell us we have not yet attained, neither are already perfect!

What reflections should these convictions produce? May they not briefly be these:—A new period of time is begun; another year (perhaps my last) is commenced. Lord let me be devoted to thee! let our hearts, our lives, our all be thine! We desire to love thee! Make us ashamed that we are still so cold; make us glow with divine ardour; calm us as the purchase of thy blood, as the conquest of thy love, and henceforth

"Be thou our all,
Our theme, our inspiration, and our crown,
Our strength in age, our rise in low estate:
Our soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth; our world
Our light in darkness, and our life in death."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a story somewhere in fabulous history, about a quarrel that took place between a couple of travellers, concerning the colour of the camelion; one asserted it was green, and the other was equally positive that it was blue: a third person presented himself and told them they were both in error, for it was neither green nor blue, but incomparably black, as he had the animal with him in a small box, he had no doubt but his assertion could readily be proved by ocular demonstration—so he opened his box, and they all saw it was white—at once convincing them of the folly of their previous contention. Now it seems to me

that many of the controversies among men, are upon no better foundation than that which is represented to have taken place about the colour of the camelion. Truth is certain; but man's apprehension of truth is liable to uncertainty; his capacity of vision and of understanding is various; and though the divine voice is always pure and incorruptible, and the information thereby communicated is always certain and infallible, yet it is not every one who professes to be under its government, that is so on all occasions. It is quite possible for a person to think he has it in his conclusions, when they result from nothing higher than his own fallible senses and fallible rationality; and also quite possible he may pretend to have the Divine unction, when he knows he has not; man is composed of the animal nature, the rational understanding, and the immortal soul:—The Divine Intelligence operates on the soul and through that to the rational understanding, bringing the animal man into obedience to the divine government. Now, man with all his superiority over the inferior orders of creation, the nobility of the structure of his frame, and the vast power of his intellectual capacities, is the mere creature of error, independent of heavenly instruction; and whenever, or upon whatever occasion, he undertakes to act in concerns that are spiritual, without the influence of that wisdom which comes immediately from the Fountain of Light, he gropes in a labyrinth of darkness; and let his pretensions be as sanctified as they may, he is not within the holy inclosure of incorruptible truth, nor an inhabitant of that "city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise." Hence it is evident, that all those controversies which result from the unsanctified will and imperfect wisdom of man, and all those hypothesis, which are supported by any means whatever that are inconsistent with the plain doctrines of the gospel of peace and salvation from all darkness, error and violence, are no part of the works of the new covenant dispensation; nor, whatever may be the ostensible object, can they promote the coming of that kingdom in the heart of man, for which we are taught devoutly to pray.

The perfection of religion consists in an entire obedience to the divine government. Few have arrived at it—many are progressing. The camelion may change its colour, or rather may appear to do so; but religion is the same in all ages substantially—whatever different colouring may have been put upon it by the imperfect vision of man, its most important requisitions are uncontested by all who are devoted to its influence, and in fact by many that are not so.

LUCAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I trust of since long past, upon which the twilight of uncertainty had already thrown its shades, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend forever.—KNICKERBOCKER.

Among the pleasures which a leisure hour affords, there are few greater than that of looking back upon the days that have been. Whether it be the fond remembrance of our early and innocent amusements, or the more distant annals of a later age. To look back upon the toils and troubles of a generation that has long since descended to the grave, and to bring before us the whims and oddities of those whose names only are remembered.

In researches of this kind I oftentimes amuse myself, and find that in any individual a little enquiry will elicit much: accident has at different times thrown many in my way, whose lives had not only been greatly lengthened, but been marked by much of interest and anecdote. Now and then, I meet with one whose early days were passed in my own neighbourhood, and the local changes which have occurred in a few years appear incredible. But I have also met with many whose remembrance can carry them so far back as to make the very city, in which I reside appear the offspring of almost a day. Some of these anecdotes and reminiscences I propose to furnish for the amusement of the inquisitive, and trust they will be found amusing. I do not hold myself responsible for their correctness for I relate them just as they were given to me.

It was but a few evenings since that I came across an old but healthy worthy of the last century, and after having conversed with him some time, he related to me the following anecdote. In his younger days he was fond of rambling, and though it never gained him much of worldly wealth, yet it gained him much of worldly knowledge. In 1777, having resided many years in the island of Santa Cruz, he took his passage in the Schooner Liberty, to the United States. On the voyage he was appointed a lieutenant of marines, and when arrived off the Capes of Delaware, they found it not only blockaded by the Roebuck, British man of war, but discovered that they were pursued by her.

The Roebuck soon came up with them, and the Liberty, after having exchanged several broadsides of small arms, ran aground in Harriet inlet, a few miles inside the capes. In this situation they were still firing, when the Roebuck came so near as to allow the commander to be distinctly heard to say "D—n it, give her a shot between wind and water."

As the Schooner thus lay besieged on the bar, her hero saw a sailor take a match from the companion way of the Roebuck, and before he could apply it to the gun, a tremendous wave threw the Liberty completely over the bar, and she sailed up the inlet and escaped. In a moment after, the shot struck the very spot from which they had so narrowly escaped. It was a 42 pounder and would have gone completely through her! She discharged her cargo and part of her crew, and among them my informant, who proceeded on to Philadelphia. In a few weeks the Roebuck came up to the city also, and our hero concluded he would go on board and examine her. At this time he had in his pocket a certificate of citizenship from the king of Denmark, obtained while residing in the island of Santa Cruz, a paper that protected him fully from impressment. He passed the centinel un molested, and on getting on board, observed an officer walking on her quarter deck, apparently her commander, he stepped up and asked him, "Sir do you command this vessel?" "I do," was the pithy answer. "I have a curiosity to inspect her," again enquired our hero—"it is any offence?" "None at all, sir," was the reply of the Briton. Permission being thus granted, he proceeded to inspect the Roebuck.—He went below and examined all that was worthy of attention. She was a three decker. On the second deck was a forge in complete operation, military implements of all kinds were making by candle light and noonday; on coming upon deck he went up to the cannon that had been fired at the Liberty, with an intention to sink her. It was an enormous piece. Turning to the British captain, "Sir,"

says he, "do you remember fighting the Schooner Liberty some weeks ago?" "I do," again replied the commander of the Roebuck. "I was on board of her at the time, and was a lieutenant of marines," returned the American. "Ah!" replied the British officer, "was it you that stood at the head of your men upon the forecastle?" "It was," answered our hero. "Well," replied the Englishman, "you're a d—d bold fellow."

The captain of the Roebuck then took him into his own cabin, in which was a circular table six feet in diameter, covered with piles of Spanish Dollars, ten in a pile. He then pointed to several bags of the same precious metal, and turning to his guest enquired, "Have you anything like this in your country?" "Not much," was the reply—a bowl of punch was next produced, and after having pledged each other, our hero bade his adieu, with an invitation to call and see the Roebuck whenever he came that way. Dec. 23, 1823.

Says he (that's Watty) says he, "it looks rough." "Aye," exclaims Ratty, (the butcher you know) says he, "it wants a polish, it wants as one should say a little greasing." "True," (says Watty) that's what I mean, it's too short, it's like pye-crust. He shouldn't say a word about the cash, it's too personal." "Aye," says Button, (that's Button the taylor,) "it should only be hinted, the thing should be managed gently, or we shall give offence." So it was agreed among the company not to publish any more till revised and polished, for fear of offending.—So, Mr. Printer, if you thinks fit to print this, seeing as how it's already written off, you can do it, that's all.—By order of the committee.

COLLECTANEA.

THE PRINTER.

He whose business it is—or, if you would rather have it so—he who makes it his business to try to please every body, is sure to please nobody.—This is precisely the case with the Printer. Poor devil! he is forever torturing his brains and ransacking his knowledge box, for novel notions wherewith to amuse his readers; he is always looking over his files of papers for the latest news, the most interesting occurrences, and the choicer pieces of sentiment—but after all he is rewarded with nothing but censure. Each one thinks the paper should be printed exclusively to suit himself. The politician looks for bitter invective—and the sedate reader abhors it. The exquisite looks for poetry and pretty pieces of sentiment—and the man of business loathes such trash—and so it goes. No one is satisfied: there is either too much of one thing, or not enough of another; and the Printer must bare all the blame. If he chance to complain or apologize it is all the same: he is loaded with a new burthen of abuse—from one for publishing this article, and from another for publishing that.—To enumerate all the ills which the typographical fraternity are heir to would be an endless task.

THE WEST INDIAN FEMALES.

The white females of the West Indies are generally rather of a more slender form than the European women. The complexion, which they are peculiarly careful to preserve, is either a pure white or brunette, with but little or none of the bloom of the rose, which to a stranger, has rather a sickly appearance at first, though that impression gradually wears off. Their features are sweet and regular: their eyes rather expressive than sparkling; their voices soft and pleasing, and their whole air and looks tender, gentle, and feminine. With the appearance of languor and indolence, they are active and animated on occasions, particularly when dancing—an amusement of which they are peculiarly fond, and in which they display a natural ease, gracefulness and agility, which surprise and delight a stranger. They are fond of music, and there are few who have not an intuitive taste for it, and fine voices. They are accused of excessive indulgence; and autre examples of this are given by those whose object it is to exhibit them to ridicule. These exaggerations, like all others of a national description, savour more of caricature than truth. The heat of the climate, joined to the still habits of a sedentary life, naturally beget a languor, listlessness, and disposition to self indulgence, to which the females of more northern climates are strangers. The daily loll in bed before dinner are so gratifying a relaxation, that it has become almost as necessary as their nightly repose. To sum up, in a few words, the character of the Creole ladies, they are so excessively fond of pleasure and amusement, that they would be glad if the whole texture of human life were formed of nothing else; balls, in particular, are their great delight; they are averse to whatever requires much mental or bodily exertion, dancing excepted; reading they do not care much about, except to fill up an idle hour; and diligence, industry, and economy, cannot be said to be among the number of their virtues.

FRANCIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Whatever occurs in the course of our observation and experience, affords to us either an agreeable or disagreeable sensation. If we avoid what is unpleasant, and use our best endeavours to multiply those events which are congenial to our feelings, we walk near the path of our duty, and most likely shall find all the enjoyments we stand in need of. We then feel that elevation of mind which places us out of the reach of contingencies, and the influence of those trifles that would otherwise interfere with our peace.

Every body is pleased with the approach of that which is congenial: but anticipation is sometimes an enjoyment. We see things at a distance, we expect their arrival, and are glad; but often "like the baseless fabric of a vision," they disappear and leave no trace behind.

Life is not lived again; and whether good or ill abounds, time passes on. Let us then as heaven prescribes, avoid the whole that is evil, and thankfully accept the varied good which Providence dispenses.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

"Ill luck confound it," cried Bob, the boot-maker. "A ragamuffin's blessing take your New Years," says Will Watt, the baker's boy; and "a cabbage leaf physic ye," exclaims Button, the taylor, "these printer's devils have always the start of us," "Aye," cries Ratty, the butcher, "and the watchmen too. Greasy fingers take them all, say I!" "Well never mind it now, it's too late to cry for spit milk," says Milky, (that's Johnny the cow-boy, that one sees so early of a cold frosty morning skipping along with his nice copper-bottom milk tub, he's a right chap for 'cream' I'll warrant ye.) "Never mind," says he (that's Johnny) "we'll take care for the future," "Aye," cries Bob, (that's Bob the bootie) "I'll swallow my lapstone if they catch me asleep again," "Bravo," echoed the company—that is Will Watt, Button, Bob cow-boy, and Ratty, one and all remember "wide awake" is the watchword. "And now," says Button (that's Button the taylor,) "I have a notion that will afford us some consolation—We've been disappointed in this business, and now I wish to publish, that's all, let's publish." "Good," cries Bob (don't forget that's Bob the bootie) "hammer my upper leather but I likes the notion; all of this mind say so, that's all;" and they all said so every mother's son of them, and so the notion was carried. And now, Mr. Printer, if you chooses to publish, why you can do so, that's all except, Sir, that we will say we owe it to our patrons, to our credit, and, Sir, to our feelings (Johnny, that's the cow boy, says as how that caps the climax) to have our rejected address exhibited to the public, that they may see we are up to a thing or two, as well as our more fortunate worthies (meaning the above aluded to gentlemen.)

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE COBLER'S BOYS, To their Patrons.—January 1824.

Patrons! our muse obedient still,
Her unaccustom'd part to fill,
Attempts to greet the coming year,
And wish you all right merry cheer.

The roaring blast around us whistles,
The streets with snow are wishy washy,
And well we know our wax and bristles,
Protect your feet when walks are splashy.

We know, you know, that without we,
Your feet would freeze in winter weather,
And therefore you should thankful be,

And we together,
Who deal in leather,
And live amid the thread and pegs,
Whose owl is past,

For you at last,
To guard from cold your booted legs,
Should by no means be treated harsh,
But rather comforted with cash.

Hoping that you will this remember,
About the last of next December,

We wish you, whether boots or pumps,
Besides good cheer

And a merry year,

A cobler's blessing on your stumps.

And so we were going on, copying all the others; but an idea pop'd (comically enough too) into Watty's noddle about the cobler's subjects.

Knowledge is power—is wealth—is honour. It raises the savage above the brute; and the peasant, in civilized society, much above the savage. While it exists the few, who possess its richest stores, as far above the mass of the unlearned as they transcend the brute creation. Knowledge opens the surest path to usefulness and eminence. It confers a nobility which no hereditary rank can equal: and which kings and princes cannot bestow. Knowledge, consecrated to its legitimate end, constitutes the brightest ornament of human nature. It is, and must be, the main pillar of our republican institutions—of all civil and religious liberty—of all that the patriot and the christian holds most dear upon earth. It is a treasure, of which no adverse fortune, no persecuting power, no malignant fiend, can deprive its possessor. In poverty—in exile—at home—abroad—in the wilderness—on the ocean—in prison—in bonds—it is his companion and his solace; and like Cicero, and Luther, and Knox, and Milton, and Locke, and a thousand others, more unfortunate and more oppressed than they, ie can, even then, turn it to a profitable account. So far as this world merely in question, it's more desirable than any, or all other possessions. With that invincible persevering ardor then, ought its acquisition to be prosecuted, by every ingenuous youth, who aspires to the perfection of his nature, and to the most commanding sphere of human action.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

It is impossible to reflect upon the men and things in the American revolution, without being ready to apprehend that certain individuals were seemingly raised up to fill certain parts in the proceedings to be had for establishing the republic—such as WASHINGTON for his cold, calculating discretion and patient courage; FRANKLIN, for his wonderful mind and profound knowledge of things; S. ADAMS, for his zeal and skill in managing men; HANCOCK, for his firmness; JEFFERSON, for the beautiful simplicity of his principles and talents; GREECE, for his resources in times of difficulty; PUTNAM for his blunt honesty; GATES, for his perseverance and sincerity; WAYNE, for his impetuosity; READ, for his incorrigibility; CHARLES THOMPSON, for his fidelity; HENRY, for his eloquence; MARIOT, for his enterprise; MORRIS, for his skill in "ways and means"; DICKINSONS, for his moderation;—and so on thro' a list of heroes and sages, whose names are as the history of their countrymen, and recorded in the hearts of their countrymen; among whom is that of CHASE, who first declared independence in Congress, and "declared solemnly—that he owed no allegiance to the king of Great Britain." All these and many other characters were necessary to fill up the various branches of business belonging to the state of the times, and that they accomplished the work gloriously, is the pride and boast of millions of freemen. No age presented a more splendid constellation of talents—none was ever more conspicuous for integrity. With an abundance of the means of corruption at hand, which the enemy was disposed to use most freely, one, only one prominent person was purchased; and no one having embarked in the revolution,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

Delivered by Mrs. Dyer, at the Ball in aid of the Greek Fund, given by the Managers of the Philadelphia Theatre; on the 7th instant.

From that bright region, where the orient skies
Beam softer day and glow with purest dies,—
That lovely land whose fragrance loads the gale,
And Ceres laughs along the golden vale—
From classic shades, where wisdom erst was taught;
From martial plains, where God-like heroes fought;
From Greece! the mother of a noble race,
The nurse of infant Liberty—the grace
And glory of her age—now sunk, despoil'd—
Her triumphs tarnish'd and her honours soil'd—
From hapless Greece—a shriek of woe is sent
To stately Earth, and pierce the firmament!
It is the Christian, cries for Christian aid,
To heal the wounds that infidels have made:
It is the matron, in her anguish wild,
Implores each mother to protect her child;
It is a nation, once supreme in might,
Asks of the nations but a nation's right;
It is a people! struggling to be free,
Calls on each freeman's arm to strike for Liberty!
Small Greece appeal in vain! Will yet the world
Behold, unmov'd, her flag of death unfurled?
Ah no! there is a land where want and grief,
Never sain in vain for pity and relief;
A land whose sons with generous ardor glow,
Whose beauteous daughters feel for others' woe.
Americans! ah still deserve that name;
And let your deeds be worthy of your fame,
Greece has her heroes, who have fought and won;
Greece yet, perhaps, may boast her Washington,
But O forget not through what fields of toil,
You earn'd with drops of blood, your happy soil.
Remember all your wants, and perils past,
The victory perch'd upon your crest at last,
And while, secure, you sheath the conquering
sword,
Ah grant that sympathy you once implor'd.

Letter of Riego's Wife to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Most EXCELLENT SIR.—The irresistible voice of nature strikes the oppressed bosom of a young wife, sick, abandoned, far from the land of her birth, and separated from her beloved husband, united to him by all the ties of blood, whom the chance of war, and the vicissitudes of the political revolution which still agitates his country, have thrown into the obscurity of a dungeon, where her imagination, full of grief and horror, presents him to her at every instant, surrounded with dangers and afflictions. Not a single letter—not a single word from her unfortunate husband—from a man more admired for his virtues and humanity than even for the bravery of his actions—has come to tranquillize her ill-fated existence; two months having elapsed since he became a prisoner to the French arms. Her uncle and brother-in-law, the only brother of Don Raphael del Riego, whose literary life, whose ecclesiastical character appeared to insure to him an obscure tranquil existence within the precincts of the temple, finds himself hurled amidst the agitations of the political world, banished from his country and repulsed from the altar as an unworthy minister of Religion.

In this situation, truly tragic and lamentable, aggravated by their total ignorance of the fate of three younger brothers, the eldest scarcely twenty-one years of age, and three infant sisters, all dispersed over the face of the Peninsula, without a father, without a mother, and without the shelter and support of their guardian and uncle—who giving vent to the tender sentiments of father, brother, legal protector, and natural friend, exclaims, on seeing the dreadful storm which threatens completely to destroy his whole family, directing himself to your Excellency,—for what crime committed against heaven or earth is this unhappy brother so cruelly persecuted? Is it an unpardonable crime in the eyes of civilized France, for the young soldier, who, during the period of five years spent in her bosom, imbibed the truths of morality, of philosophy, and of the rights which all nations possess to endeavour to establish a system of political happiness—to have wished to assert the same principles which he had seen displayed among the moral maxims and enchanting images of the author of the *Martyr* and of the *Genius of Christianity*? Is it a crime that a valiant youth, in whose hands shone the arms of his country—that country which he had traversed from Cape Finisterre to the columns of Hercules, from the Bidassoa to the Tagus, hearing the cries of discontent, and seeing the misery, disorder, and degradation, into which the immorality and the insatiable avarice of the evil counselors of Ferdinand had unhappily sunk her—is it an inexplicable crime, I say, that he should have raised his voice on the banks of the Guadalete, and exclaimed to his compatriots, "Ferdinand is your King! Ferdinand is not a tyrant! Fear not to repeat the echo of Las Cabezas; let that sound reach his ears and Spain will be happy, and Ferdinand behind himself surrounded by his children!" Oh! shall deeds of valour, of humanity, of suffering, of constancy, and the sacrifice of health and of life, offered up on the altars of his country to ameliorate the condition of his fellow citizens—actions which constitute the prominent feature of heroism, be blotted out from among the names of the social virtues, and placed in the black catalogue of crimes?

The sword which became a national trophy, and which was solemnly decreed to belong to the people alone—the hymns which were heard by joyful Andalusia, and resounded on the banks of the Ebro and the Minho, afterwards repeated with approbation on those of the Seine, the Thames, the Danube, and the Elbe—the patriot soldier, who thrice refused to be girded with the sash of the General, with which it pleased his Monarch to remunerate him, as well as to nominate him his Adelante—the head, which was decorated with the civic crowns of the olive and the rose, presented to him by an enraptured people filled with the enthusiasm of the purest pleasure;—will this sword, I ask, be converted (as now so madly and audaciously some pretend,) in the pages of severe history, into the bloody dagger of a man destroying rebel? Will these patriotic hymns be changed into the bitter sarcasms of ironical songs; and will the serene forehead of a virtuous man, who deserved of his King and country the title of their best servant, be traduced as vile and treacherous?

Let, Sir, his destiny be whatever Heaven may please—let it be such that he may draw upon his devoted head all the unbridled passions of a perfidious policy—of blood-thirsty vengeance, and of the insatiable hatred of fanaticism—yet never shall the virtues of Riego be converted into crimes, and never will the government of France be able to wash away the stain, which shall forever cover it, should they allow a General, whom the French arms had defeated in that field in which he fought under the orders of his King, deposing to him the rights of a prisoner of war, to fall a sacrifice to maniac passions—passions which if not repressed, will terminate in shaking even to their foundations, the legitimate thrones of all existing dynasties.

The pen of the Canon Riego, not accustomed to write upon matters of state, delineates upon paper, the sentiments which animate his bosom in favor of a brother, without fearing to displease a Minister whom he cannot look upon in any other light than as a man of sense, an enlightened philosopher, and a profound writer. Were he however, allowed, in advocating a cause which he is so much interested in pleading, to mix some political considerations, how many could he not present to the superior understanding of the sagacious Minister, calculated to prevail upon him to exert all his influence in the cabinet of his most Christian Majesty, to save the French government from such enormous disgrace, and to acquire to himself the glory of an action—as just as it is humane.

What greater punishment—what more cruel sufferings can be inflicted on Riego than the spirit destroying reflections which must now agitate his bosom, at seeing the conduct of those very men

upon whose virtues, experience, knowledge and political foresight, he had founded the hope of securing the throne of his king established and respected, and the prosperity of all his fellow citizens secured and promoted! And how have his companions in arms, who, on so many occasions, mixed the sacred names of religion, country, liberty, and king, with his own celebrated one, behaved? How have they defended (if I may be allowed the expression) the work of Riego? Then what greater punishment—what more cruel sufferings?—Where, then, is the political reason for considering the existence of Riego as terrible?

But if so many powerful reasons should not be sufficient to move your excellency to the performance of the action of saving Riego (an action as noble as it is glorious,) let the bitter tears of his distracted, exiled, heart-sunken wife, fading away in the flower of her age with a consumptive disease, excite in your heart the feelings of compassion, and urge you to do a deed for which your name shall be blessed by generations yet unborn! Oh! why was she ever separated from her mother's womb?—Why did the light of heaven ever shine upon her pale cheek? Surely not that she might live so cruelly—barbarously tormented!

The King and Royal family of Spain entered Madrid, on the 13th of November. The Madrid Gazette of the following day, says, "to describe correctly the glorious and so ardently wished-for entrance of our beloved Sovereign into this capital, which took place at about half past one o'clock, yesterday, together with the most serene infants and all the Royal Family, would require a long account which the limited extent of the whole of our paper could not contain; and what to us appears to exceed description is the joy and satisfaction felt by the loyal population of Madrid on the return of their Monarch, whose absence and captivity they had so long lamented."

On the 15th, information was officially received at Madrid, that the absolute government of King Ferdinand had been acknowledged in the island of Mallorca.

In Belgium 2,000 workmen are now employed in opening the canal of Aethion, to form a communication between the Scheldt and the Hague, without touching foreign territory. When completed, this canal will be a saving to the Netherlands of the annual sum of 1,500,000 francs, paid at Conde (France) for transit duty.

Extract of a private letter, of the 14th Oct. from Odessa:—"According to letters from Constantinople, Dschahib Effendi, who has been restored to the Divan, was only removed to prevent his opposition to the new measures recently discussed and adopted by the Porte, with regard to Russia. Dschahib is very firm in his system, but hitherto he has offered no opposition to the measures adopted in his absence. The deposition of the Muphi is regarded as the most important event that has occurred since the insurrection of the Greeks. As chief interpreter of the laws, and head of the Ulema, he signed all the fetwas of the Sultan, which are not considered binding without his signature. Various rumours are abroad upon the cause of his deposition, which certainly is a fresh manifestation of the courage and energy of the Sultan."

On the 13th October, Baron Hyde de Neuville, French ambassador at Lisbon, gave a magnificent ball "in honor of the liberation of the King of Spain and his august family." His Royal Highness, Don Miguel, of Portugal, was present, with all the Corps Diplomatique.

Sir Robert Wilson has been deprived of the Prussian order of the Red Eagle, by a decree of the king of Prussia, dated October 1.

The Paris and London papers continue to discuss the affairs of South America, and deal in wise speculations as to the designs of the Holy Alliance. The editors of the latter insist, that John Bull will do as he pleases, unfettered by any of them—and the former admit, that if called to a Congress, England will not repair to it, or at most only leave a visiting card by a ceremonious diplomatist, and continue to take her own course.

The Courier of the 21st November, announces the death of Lord Erskine, at Edinburgh, in consequence of an inflammation of the lungs. His lordship was in his 76th year. The Sun of the 23d contains an interesting biographical sketch of this nobleman.

Advices from Frankfort mention that several German and Prussian officers are about raising a legion of 2000 men to proceed to the assistance of the Greeks. Several officers have passed over to England upon this business.

An immense quantity of snow fell in Switzerland on the 3d of October.

Two young ladies in London, Miss Margaret Thompson and Miss Cardiff, were found dead in their bed. They were suffocated in consequence of a charcoal fire having been kept in the room. The Cabinet Council was held on the 21st, and was fully attended.

A late Paris newspaper states, that as several young women are now in the habit of keeping the commercial books of their husbands, a Demoiselle Beaute announces, that from the 15th of November, she will give regular instructions to her own sex in that very useful science. The French character is evidently improving.

A steam packet has commenced plying upon the Danube, from Vienna to the city of Pest, in Hungary.

The king of England has remitted the fine of 500l. imposed by the court on Miss Ann Carlisle, and ordered her discharge from imprisonment.

By letters received in London from the East Indies, it appears that 100 houses were destroyed by fire at the Bazaar, Bhagulpoore, in the East Indies. Three females were burned to death, and four were missing. Many cloth merchants were ruined. The natives stood weeping and looking on the fire, without doing anything to stop it.

The amount of exports of British manufactures to Buenos Ayres and Chili, during the last year, is stated to have exceeded seven millions dollars.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

NEGRO SLAVERY.

On this subject some instructive inferences may be drawn from the public journals of several of our West-Indian Islands; but the Royal Gazette of Jamaica only shall be adverted to on the present occasion. In the Royal Gazette of July 3d last, there are ninety-four "runaways" advertised, some of which are thus described:—"George, a Creole, 5 feet 7 inches, marked apparently W/S on several parts of his shoulders, with severe flogging marks theron, and CL on left cheek, has a scar on right leg."—"James, a Congo, 5 feet 5 inches, marked AMC on right shoulder, with other letters not plain on both shoulders, and had an iron collar on."—"John, a Mongola, 5 feet 5 inches, mark not plain on right shoulder, and has marks of flogging on his back."—"SL 6s 8d Reward—Abducted, a Creole Negro Girl, named Maria; she is supposed to have gone to Richmond Estate, in St. Mary's, *where her father lives*."—"John Wise, an Eboe, 5 feet 5½ inches, no brand mark, and has the scars of sores on left shin."—"Andrew, a Congo, 5 feet 5½ inches, no brand mark; has marks of flogging on his back, and a large sore on the small of his right leg."

A marriage party at Newbegging had their expected joys somewhat clouded by a relentless storm. The clergyman who was to tie the consular knot, having been unable to cross the torrent that raged between them, the lovers, accompanied by a few friends, set out for the manse, a walk of three miles. They crossed one small stream at considerable peril—but in attempting to ford the burn of Inchclown, linked in each other arms, the luckless bride lost her hold, was swept along the current about twenty yards, and would inevitably have perished but for the intrepidity of one of the party, who dragged her ashore at the risk of his own life. Love conquers all things; the ardent pair reached the house, were married, and returned home in safety, when the bridegroom

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Saturday, January 10, 1824.

If E.... would not consider it too great a favour, to point out a method by which we might convey a few copies of the new cut, in return for the one so successfully copied, we would cheerfully embrace that opportunity, and at the same time tender our assurances of the esteem with which numerous similar favours have been received.

We have received a note from "a Subscriber," complaining of a practice which we have frequently noticed, but in vain—we inform him that we have not the means of remedying the evil; if our subscribers will lend their papers, it is not improbable but they may find individuals enough, who, rather than pay the trifling expence of two dollars, the price of our subscription, will borrow the paper every week throughout the year, without once considering how much trouble and perplexity they occasion. He states, that "last Saturday, when the paper was thrown into the store, there were no less than three persons waiting for it, two of whom read it, and the third carried it away with him!" with the promise, however, of returning it in a few minutes—but I did not get it again until Sunday morning, about 11 o'clock, when the borrower said he had entirely forgot it." Our subscriber concludes with a "wish that we would give them what he calls a strong hint!" Not knowing precisely all the terms he might use, we have copied his letter in part, with a brief application, which we advise him to show to his tormentors, who, we should suppose, will be apt to judge whether it will answer. Hints are of little avail with those who possess no regard for the common claims of honesty, not to say a word about good manners.

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